

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.—No. 6.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1861.

WHOLE No. 78.

SCENES ON THE HUDSON RIVER.



THE six representations which illustrate the present article, were expressly engraved for us, and depict places on the shores of the romantic Hudson, the Rhine of America, which possess more or less interest from historical associations. The first of these pictures represents a locality near Tarrytown—Sleepy Hollow—immortalized by the gifted pen of

grand-daughter of John De Windt, who then occupied it. It is situated near the road from Sneedeen's Landing, within a few rods of its junction with the main street of the village. It is a very antique looking structure, and, unlike the "76 stone house," remains in nearly the same state of preservation, excepting damage by the elements, as it was when Washington occupied it. In the front, the date of its erection (1700) is wrought in the wall by an arrangement of bricks. The room occupied by the thief contains a fine specimen of those old-fashioned fire-places, which are so rarely met in the present day, and are so valuable and interesting.

The next picture delineates Van Wart's monument. It stands in the Presbyterian churchyard at Greenburgh, on the Saw-mill River. Van Wart was one of the three yeomen who captured Andre. He was an officer of the church here for many years, and the people of

Washington Irving. It would be "gilding refined gold" to attempt to describe a scene which Irving has rendered classical, and we content ourselves with giving a sketch of the bridge which spans the little stream. The next engraving represents Washington's headquarters near Tappan, N. Y. When Washington was at Tappan, he had his headquarters at a stone house now occupied by the family of Samuel S. Verbruyck, whose wife is the



SLEEPY HOLLOW, NEAR TARRYTOWN, N. Y.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, TAPPAN, NEW YORK.

Westchester county erected this monument over his remains. On the 11th of June, 1829, its completion was celebrated by the usual ceremonies on such occasions. It bears the following inscriptions:

"Here repose the mortal remains of Isaac Van Wart, an elder in the Greenburgh Church, who died on the 23d of May, 1828, in the 69th year of age. Having lived the life, he died the death, of the Christian."

"The citizens of the county of Westchester erected this tomb in testimony of the high sense they entertained for the virtuous and patriotic conduct of their fellow-citizen, as a memorial sacred to public gratitude."

"*Vincit amor Patriæ.* Nearly half a century before this monument was built, the conscript fathers of America had, in the senate chamber, voted that Isaac Van Wart was a faithful patriot, one in whom the love of country was invincible, and this tomb bears testimony that the record is true."

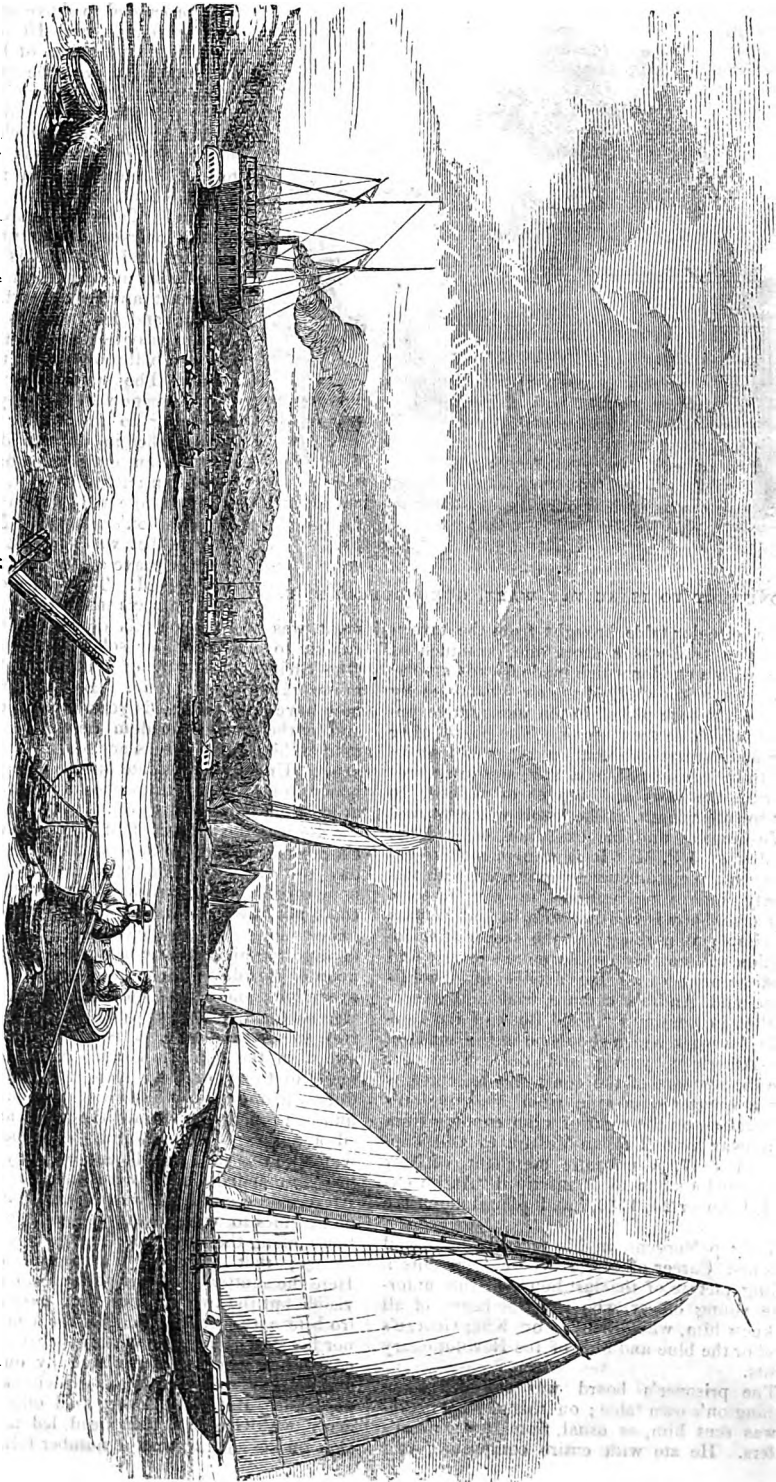
"*Fidelity.* On the 23d of September, 1780, Isaac Van Wart, accompanied by John Paulding and David Williams, all farmers of the county of Westchester, intercepted Major Andre on his return from the American lines, in the character of a spy, and, notwithstanding the large bribes offered them for his release, nobly disdained to sacrifice their country for gold, secured and carried him to the commanding officer of the district, where the dangerous and traitor-

ous conspiracy of Arnold was brought to light, the insidious designs of the enemy baffled, the American army saved, and our beloved country free."

After Andre's capture at Tarrytown, and Arnold's flight, the former was conducted to West Point, and on the 28th of September, was sent by barge to Stony Point, and thence by land under an escort to Tappan, where the army then lay. He was placed in a small room in the northwest corner of an old stone house which is represented upon page 509. Its appearance has been materially changed since, but enough remains to make it an object of interest. The room in which Andre was confined was kept intact for nearly fifty years, when the then proprietor altered and enlarged the entire rear portion into a ball-room, boasting, as Lossing says, that he "had received a whole dollar for the lock that fastened up Major Andrew." The house is in different hands now, and the visitor is received with courtesy and attention.

Andre's trial took place in the old Dutch church of Tappan, which was torn down some twenty-two years since, and a larger one of brick erected on its site. Its floor was the ground, and the congregation took their seats with them. A gentleman of Sing-Sing informed us that an ancestor of his had peeped into the windows of the old church during the trial, and remembered well the appearance of the board of general officers, as they sat in chairs on the ground

ERIE RAILROAD PIER, PIERMONT AND STACK, FROM DOBBS'S FERRY.





MONUMENT TO ISAAC VAN WART, GREENBURGH, N. Y.

about a circular table brought from the tavern near. The trial was a short one, inasmuch as Andre, with a candor which made friends among his enemies, acknowledged the circumstances by which he had been placed in the unfortunate position in which he then stood. The board, after a long and earnest deliberation, reported that he ought to be considered as a spy, and in accordance with the laws and usages of nations, he ought to suffer death. The report was approved by Washington, and his execution ordered the next day at 5 P. M. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the circumstances connected with this intensely interesting episode in our history. Every school-boy is familiar with it, and we pass it by, simply remarking that the seeker after information will nowhere find a more succinct and perfect account of all the details of Arnold's treason, and Andre's capture, trial and execution, than in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," a work which should be in the hands of every American, young and old. The spot where the sentence of the court was executed is about a quarter of a mile from Washington's headquarters, on the right of a line running from the highway from Tappan Village to Old Tappan. In 1847, a patriotic merchant of New York caused a stone to be inscribed "Andre executed, October 2d, 1780," and placed upon the spot.

Winthrop Sargent, in his recently published "Life and Career of Major Andre," presents a thrilling picture of the last hours of that unfortunate young officer, who won the hearts of all who knew him, whether they wore King George's scarlet or the blue and buff of the Revolutionary patriots.

"The prisoner's board was supplied from Washington's own table; on this day his breakfast was sent him, as usual, from the general's quarters. He ate with entire composure, and

then proceeded to shave and dress with particular care. He was fully arrayed in the habits of his rank and profession, with the exception of sash and spurs, sword and gorget. The toilet completed, he laid his hat on the table and cheerfully said to the guard-officers deputed to lead him forth, 'I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you.' Though his face was of deadly paleness, its features were tranquil and calm; his beauty shone with an unnatural distinctness that awed the hearts of the vulgar, and his manners and air were as easy as though he was going to a ball-room rather than the grave. The spot fixed for the closing scene was in an open field belonging to the owner of the house wherein he was detained, and on an eminence that commands an extended view. It was within a mile and in open sight of Washington's quarters. Here the lofty gibbet was erected, and the shallow grave of three or four feet was dug. The office of hangman, always an odious employ-

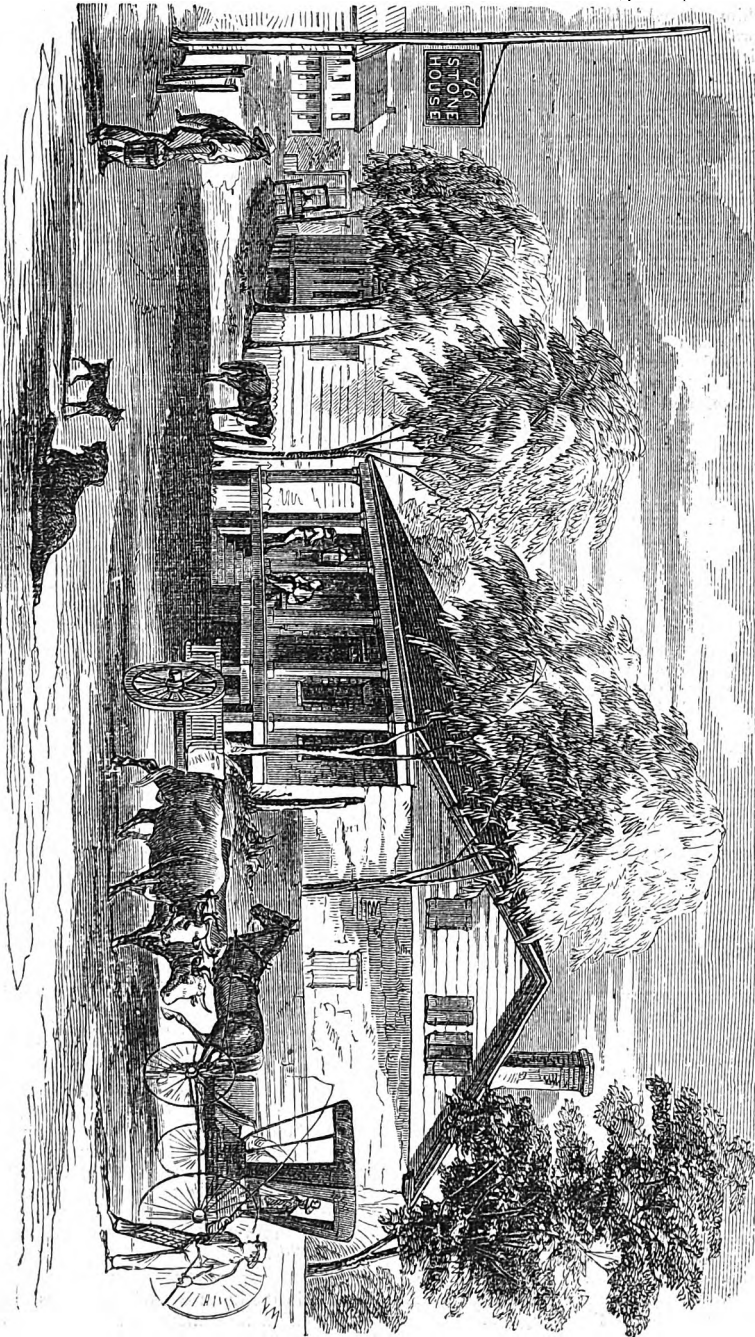
ment, was perhaps on this occasion more than usually so. None of our soldiers undertook it. One Strickland, a tory of Ramapo valley, was in our hands at the time. His threatened fate may have been hard; his years were not many; and by the price of freedom he was procured to take on himself the necessary but revolting character. Under an elaborate disguise, he probably hoped to go through the scene, if not unnoticed, at least unknown.

"Besides the officers that were always in the chamber, six sentinels kept watch by night and day over every aperture of the building; and if hope of escape every rose in Andre's breast, it could not have developed into even the vaguest expectation. To the idea of suicide as a means of avoiding his doom he never descended. The noon of this day was the hour appointed for his execution; and at half an hour before the cortège set forth, Andre walked arm-in-arm between two subalterns—each, it is said, with a drawn sword in the opposite hand. A captain's command of thirty or forty men marched immediately about these, while an outer guard of five hundred infantry environed the whole and formed a hollow square around the gibbet, within which no one save the officers on duty and the provost-marshal's men were suffered to enter. An immense multitude was, however, assembled on all sides to witness the spectacle, and every house along the way was thronged with eager gazers; that only of Washington excepted. Here the shutters were drawn, and no man was visible but the two sentries that passed to and fro before the door. Neither the chief himself nor his staff were present with the troops; a circumstance which was declared by our people, and assented to by Andre, as evincing a laudable decorum. But almost every field officer in our army, with Greene at their head, led the procession on horseback; and a number followed the

prisoner on foot, while the outer guard, stretching in single file on either side and in front and rear, prevented the concourse from crowding in. In addition to all those who came from the country-side, it is unlikely that many of the army

who could contrive to be present, missed the sight. Every eye was fixed on the prisoner, and every face wore such an aspect of melancholy and gloom, that the impression produced on some of our officers was not only affecting but awful.

HOUSE IN WHICH ANDRE WAS CONFINED, TAPPAN, NEW YORK.



"Keeping pace with the melancholy notes of the dead march, the procession marched along, no member of it apparently less troubled than he whose conduct was its cause, and whose death was its object. In the beautiful orientalism of Sir William Jones, 'he dying only smiled while all around him grieved.' His heart told him that a life honorably spent in the pursuit of glory would not leave his name to be enrolled among those of the ignoble or guilty many, and his face bespoke the serenity of an approved and undis-mayed conscience. From time to time, as he caught the eye of an acquaintance, and especially to the officers of the court of inquiry, he tendered the customary civilities of recognition, and received their acknowledgments with composure and grace. It seems that up to this moment he was persuaded that he was not to be hanged, but to be shot to death, and the inner guard in attendance he took to be the firing party detailed for the occasion. Not till the troops turned suddenly, at a right angle with the course they had hitherto followed, and the gallows rose right before him, was he undeceived. In the very moment of wheeling with his escort, his eye rested on the ill-omened tree, and he recoiled and paused. 'Why this emotion, sir?' asked Smith, who held one of his arms. 'I am reconciled to my fate,' said Andre, clenching his fist and convulsively moving his arm, 'but not to the mode of it!' 'It is unavoidable, sir,' was the reply. He beckoned Tallmadge, and inquired anxiously if he was not to be shot; 'must I die in this manner?' Being told that it was so ordered, 'How hard is my fate!' he cried; 'but it will soon be over.'

"Ascending the hillside, the prisoner was brought to the gibbet, while the outer guard secured the ceremony from interruption. During the brief preparations, his manner was nervous and restless—uneasily rolling a pebble to and fro beneath the ball of his foot, and the gland of his throat sinking and swelling as though he choked with emotion. His servant, who had followed him to this point, now burst forth with loud weeping and lamentation, and Andre for a little while turned aside and privately conversed with him. He shook hands with Tallmadge, who withdrew. A baggage wagon was driven beneath the cross-tree, into which he leaped lightly but with visible loathing, and throwing his hat aside, removed his stock, opened his shirt collar, and snatching the rope from the clumsy hangman, himself adjusted it about his neck. He could not conceal his disgust at these features of his fate; but it was expressed in manner rather than language. Then he bound his handkerchief over his eyes.

"The order of execution was loudly and impressively read by our Adjutant-General Scammel, who at its conclusion informed Andre he might speak, if he had anything to say. Lifting his bandage a moment from his eyes, he bowed courteously to Greene and the attending officers, and said, with firmness and dignity, 'All I request of you, gentlemen, is that you will bear witness to the world that I die like a brave man. His last words, murmured in an undertone, were, 'It will be but a momentary pang!'

"Everything seemed now ready, when the commanding officer on duty suddenly cried out, 'His arms must be tied.' The hangman with a

piece of cord, laid hold of him to perform this order; but recoiling from his touch, Andre vehemently struck away the man's hand, and drew another handkerchief from his pocket, with which the elbows were loosely pinioned behind his back. The signal was given, the wagon rolled swiftly away, and almost in the same instant he ceased to exist. The height of the gibbet, the length of the cord, and the sudden shock as he was jerked from the coffin-lid on which he stood, produced immediate death."

Our last engraving in this series is a general view of Tarrytown from the Hudson River. Tarrytown, which is about six miles above Dobbs's Ferry, is a place containing many points of interest and attraction. Like many others—we had almost said all—of the towns on the river, it disappoints the visitor upon his first arrival. The original settlement appears to have been made immediately on the shore, at the foot of the range of hills which lends such beauty to the scenery of the eastern shore. Leaving the collection of antique-looking buildings which surround the depot, and climbing a steep and circuitous road to a semi-plateau at an elevation of about a hundred feet or more from the shore, the visitor is struck with the rural beauties of the town, which bears a strong resemblance to many of the New England towns and villages. The dwellings lie scattered over the face of the hills, most of them with handsome door-yards, and many of them—the residences of persons doing business in New York—with handsome gardens and ornamental grounds attached. The site of the town was originally occupied as an Indian village called Alipconck, or the "Place of Elms." In 1680 the Dutch settled here, and called it "Tarwe-town," or "Wheat town," which has since been simplified into Tarrytown—although Diederich Knickerbocker says the name was given it by the Dutch housewives of the back country, from the propensity of their husbands to tarry about the taverns on market days.

The scenery of the Hudson River and its banks is a rich volume of nature, the leaves of which might be turned for years without exhausting their interest.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Raleigh flung his laced jacket into a puddle, and for his reward he got a proud queen's favor. A village apothecary had the good fortune to be visiting the State apartments at the pavilion when George the Fourth was seized with a fit. He bled him, brought him back to consciousness, and made him laugh by his genial and quaint humor. The king took a fancy to him, named him his physician, and made his fortune. I have often heard it remarked by men who have seen much of life, that nobody, not one, goes through this world without two or three such opportunities presenting themselves. The careless, the indolent, the unobservant, and the idle, either fail to remark, or are too slow to profit by them. The sharp fellows on the contrary, see in each incident all that they need to lead them to success.—*A Day's Ride.*

A man in the finest suit of clothes is often a shabbier fellow than another dressed in rags.

VIEW OF TARRYTOWN, FROM THE HUDSON RIVER.

